THE PACIFIC

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Pac Theo Sem
Reading Room

A MORNING PRAYER.

By Lucy Larcom.

Like this clear sunshine, let Thy love
  Shine down on me to-day.
Shelter my soul, Thou brooding Dove,
  Like these warm skies, I pray.

There is no brightness on the earth,
  No glory in the sky,
No peace in rest, no joy in mirth,
  Except when Thou art nigh.

Then, Lord, all day be near my soul,
  And look me through and through,
Till every wish owns thy control,
  And every thought is true.

Thou art in all that thou hast made.
  O, let me see thee there!
Dear Lord, be thou my sun, my shade,
  My Savior everywhere!

PACIFIC
Theological Seminary

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W. W. FERRIER, Editor,

2716 Hillegass Ave., Berkeley, Cal.

"Keep a task in your hands; you must labor;
By toil is true happiness won;
For foe and for friend and for neighbor.
Rejoice, there is much to be done,
Endeavor, by crowning life's duty,
With joy-giving song and with smile,
To make the world fuller of beauty
Because you were in it awhile."

It is urged sometimes against church union that the large bodies would be unwieldy. A writer in the Christian Advocate of Nashville says that the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, is no more unwieldy today with 1,650,000 members than it was when it had only 400,000; and that the Methodist Church, North, is no more unwieldy with its 3,000,000 members than it was when it had only half that number.

The Rev. Dana W. Bartlett, superintendent of the Bethlehem Institutional work in Los Angeles, will publish ere long a book entitled "The Better City." It is a sociological study of a modern city, the outcome of many years of study of civic conditions and of practical experience. The Rev. Dr. James M. Campbell of Sierra Madre, a man of note in the literary world, having read the manuscript, wrote to Mr. Bartlett: "I am sure that your book will do immense good, and will help to bring about the better city."

A true Christianity always speaks for itself. A correspondent of The British Weekly, writing concerning the welcome which was given General Booth wherever he went in Japan, even where a stranger, says: "They have welcomed him because they have seen in the life and action of his few Japanese followers the very incarnation of the message of love to all men which they believe Christianity ought to convey." Of course there were in the welcoming throngs not a few who knew what General Booth had been to mankind.

Mr. Ira D. Sankey, the noted gospel singer, is passing the closing years of his life, in total blindness, but his influence for good goes on. Sankey's life will go on down the ages in the lives of thousands whom he was instrumental in bringing into the life in Christ. Perhaps Gipsy Smith is one of these thousands. Once when Moody and Sankey were holding meetings in London they drove out into the country and came upon a gipsy camp. A lad came up to their carriage; Mr. Sankey laid his hand lovingly on the lad's head and said: "God bless you. May the Lord make a preacher of you, my boy!" That boy is now the noted evangelist, Gipsy Smith. Who can measure the influence of that loving touch and those words of blessing and prayer as the hand of this consecrated man lay upon the gipsy boy's head? Consider the words both on the man-ward and the God-ward side. It is said in holy writ that the fervent effectual prayer of the righteous availeth much in its workings. If it be said that the action and the words had no effect upon the boy, that other things seemingly led him into the gospel ministry, what as to the influence on God? "Ask and ye shall receive; seek and ye shall find; knock and it shall be opened unto you!"

A layman who attended a layman's banquet not long ago, in the interests of the laymen's missionary movement, remarks: "The kind of laymen's banquet I should like to attend would be one in which the solid business and professional men of the city would come together and consider how they could the next day apply in the best manner the principles and teachings of Jesus in their daily work." This man says that we have a beautiful religion to preach, but that in the living of it we are found so wanting that the Chrstian nations are not very far ahead of the non-Christian. And he declares that among his associates and acquaintances he finds that the church members are not as a general thing any less selfish than are those who are not church members. In business, he declares that they will drive as sharp a bargain as the men will who are not. Perhaps this layman has had exceptional experiences. We happen to know Christian men who will not drive sharp bargains. But there is no doubt that very many Christian men are not as circumspect in this respect as they should be, and bring reproach on the cause of Christ. Christian men everywhere need to pray every morning, as they start out for the work of the day, that God will help them in all their dealings to consult the interests of the other fellow.

The failure of the jury to convict Louis Glass of the Pacific States Telephone Company of bribery, as charged by the grand jury, is a disappointment to a large number of people. And there is wide-spread rejoicing that the prosecution has no intention of allowing the matter to halt here. Some one high in official position in the telephone company is guilty of bribery. This is beyond question. Who is the guilty party? Or, if more than one, who are the parties? This, the prosecution is endeavoring to ascertain. It is to be hoped that it will be able to do so, and that such an example will be made of the guilty men as will stand long time as a warning not only to the people of San Francisco but to people near and far. The interests of mankind require it. Not only, therefore, is it to be rejoiced in that Louis Glass is to be tried again, but that other of the telephone officials are being more deeply investigated than they have been heretofore. It seems incredible that money could have passed from the treasury of the telephone company, as it did pass, for corrupt purposes, and all of certain high officials not have had knowledge of it.

As we understand the relation of the Pacific States Telephone Company to the San Francisco supervisors, it will never be possible for the men at the head of that company to stand before the world as they stood formerly. If those officials did not know what was being done, it was because they did not want to know, and morally this was reprehensible. The law may not be able to lay hold of them; but no one can do as they seem to have done and fail to be stamped either as fools or knaves. Business is not carried on in any such manner, and the business world knows it. And woe will it be for San Francisco if men on whom suspicion rests now so strongly all over the country are ever again accorded that recognition and influence which were theirs theretofore. Bribery cannot with impunity be winked at or condoned, no matter what the mitigating circumstances. If men cannot get what they want, or what they think they ought to have, without buying public officials, even those who are known to stand ready to be bought, they must in the interests of the right go without it, or stand condemned before man and God. It is the right that is supreme in God's universe, and men everywhere must conform or be ground, as it were, to powder.

THE GRAND CANYON OF ARIZONA.

L. M. F.

It has been given to Arizona in its most level and desolate territory to have within it this wonder of our country. As if to bestow especial honor upon a part of our land long passed by and despised; this great desert plain, the home of wandering tribes of Indians, has had cut through it by the resistless river this Titan gorge, and now it can never fail to be a place of interest, for within its rent bosom it holds the Grand Canyon.

It is much to know that in our own land there is a canyon which compared with all other canyons of the world is worthy of this name. A wonderful, majestic, peerless exhibition of nature's handiwork. So deep that mountains upon which the snow lies for many months of the year might be set down in its depths, and their tops would only be even with its rim; so vast that the area of three of our new England states is exceeded by it.

If we ask how long this wonder of creation has been waiting there ready to give its lessons of inspiration and humility to the human mind and heart; we are told that its age must be reckoned, not by the fleeting generations of men, or even by the slow moving centuries, but by the incomprehensible geologic periods of time. Our country's history is as the swing of a pendulum on the clock which measures the cycles since the great river began to wash and bore, and sculpture out in the heart of the desert this unspeakably magnificent piece of nature's handiwork.

I have seen the picture of an Indian sitting just below the edge of the canyon and gazing across its vast depths, and as I looked upon it, thought how fitting that one of a race that has come down to us from the prehistoric ages should be the human figure that gave added interest to the grandeur of the scene.

You look over the ocean or across the plains and the horizon that your eyes see is made by the power of your own vision; so one who can look farthest back into the past may know that far beyond the time limit which his mind can grasp stretch the geologic ages in which this canyon has existed.

Through these countless years it has been a place crowned with loneliness. No stirring, heart-breaking sounds of war! no peaceful, joyous sounds of industry; but the winds that rush through its innumerable caverns, and the mighty river fretting and dashing in its deep bed, have filled it with their ceaseless music.

We shall never know its full history, but we have reason to believe that after the attempt of the Spaniard to enter it in the 16th century it is only in very recent years that the eye of civilized man has gazed upon its grandeur and beauty. The Indians had known it before; the trail that for seven miles from the rim to the brink of the rushing river, winds down its steep and zigzag way, is an Indian trail; and the traveler may turn from looking upon the rocks with their ever changing shapes, and see the rude heap of stones which marks an Indian's grave.

This lonely canyon, with its intricate windings and many tributaries, the home of the clouds and mists and storms, like many a lonely place in our own and other lands, had its history of heroic deeds.

As Sir John Franklin, in 1845, started out with his enthusiastic volunteers to brave the dangers of the Northwest passage, risking and losing his life at last in that awful struggle with the ice and cold; so in a humbler enterprise, but with kindred spirits did Brown and Stanton with their brave helpers launch their boats on the swift reaches, awful rapids and whirlpools of the Colorado, which had cut its way down 6000 feet into the bowels of the earth. Here on the morning of July 10, 1889, as they were guiding their frail boats down the unknown current, a terrible whirlpool upset the boat which held Brown and his companion, and in a few moments the angry waters drew that heroic leader down to death. His companions, undaunted, awed and fascinated by the great canyon, still kept on their way.

What if we have not looked upon this scenic glory of our land? We may still be glad that this wonderful canyon is a part of the heritage of our whole people. The dweller in the city, the toiler in its broad and narrow streets, is made more hopeful as he thinks of the country, with its green meadows, babbling brooks and wonderful trees and flowers; the country that his children may visit and grow strong as they eat the wholesome food and breathe the pure air. So may each reader rejoice as he thinks of this magnificent and glorious canyon, and dreams perhaps of seeing it, or beholds in his imagination the privileged ones, who in the future will go down into its depths, or stand upon its edge and gaze enraptured upon its peaks and domes and pinnacles, and see far down, like a band of silver, the great river, rushing on its way to the sea.

Let one who knew it in storm and sunshine, and amid the dangers of exploration tell how he came to look upon it: "After living in it and with it for so many weeks and months I lost all thought of the great chasm as being only a huge rock mass, carved into its many intricate forms by ages of erosion. It became to me, what it has ever since remained and what it really is—a living, moving, sentient being!

"The Grand Canyon is not a solitude. It is a living, moving, pulsating being; ever changing in form and color, pinnacles and towers springing into being out of unseen depths. From dark shades of brown and black, scarlet flames suddenly flash out and then die away into stretches of orange and purple. How can such a shifting, animated glory be called 'a thing?'

It is a being, and among its upper battlements, its temples, its amphitheaters, its cathedral spires, its arches and its domes, and in the deeper recesses of its inner gorge, its spirit, its soul, the very spirit of the living God himself lives and moves and has its being."

THE GERMS OF GREAT IDEAS.

An Account of Some of The Benificent Organizations Originating at Andover.

In a recent number of the Boston Transcript a graduate of Andover Theological Seminary of fifty years' standing calls attention to some of the influences for good which have originated there and radiated from it. The article was in part as follows:

When it was founded it was doubtful whether a charter could be obtained from the legislature. It was then an annex to Phillips Academy, which already had a charter. The difficulty of obtaining a charter in those days can be seen from the fact that Amherst and even the American Board of Foreign Missions had to ask several times for their charters. One reason possibly for the oppositioin to charters at Andover Theological Seminary was a general and strong antipathy to orthodoxy in New England at that time. The very air was charged with the spirit of religious controversy.

About that time Rev. Dr. Griffin was invited to a professorship there and accepted, but was afterwards compelled to resign even before he had occupied the place, because of his being called to the pulpit of the Park Street Church. His successor was Dr. Porter, who was most of his life an invalid and consequently most of the meetings of the faculty and other bodies were held in his study, which became truly memorable. In 1812 there was established in that room a weekly meeting for consultation which because of the strength of the men that attended it became a real power for that faith in New England and assisted a great deal in its rejuvenation in this section of the country. There were seven regular attendants—Dr. Porter, Professor Stuart, Samuel Farrar, treasurer of the seminary, and a lay theologian, Dr. John Adams, father of Rev. William Adams, D.D., or New York; Dr. Johnathan Edwards, pastor of the South Church of Andover and Mark Newman, its senior deacon. Occasionally Dr. Griffin of Boston, Dr. Pearson of Andover, Dr. Worcester of Salem, Dr. Morse of Charlestown and Dr. Spring of Newburyport visited it.

"Here," as Professor Phelps remarks, "started germs of great ideas." It was in a conference in Dr. Porter's study, that the subject of American missions to the heathen took visible and tangible form which led to the formatioin of the American Board. Judson, Nott, Newell and Mills, the pioneer missionaries, were in the seminary. Their petition to the General Association of Massachusetts for support in their resolve to preach the Gospel to the heathen was drawn up by the advice of the Andover men in council, which sent two of their number to advocate it before the fathers at Bradford. Undoubtedly the group behind the haystack at Williamstown had their purpose deepened by the inspiration which came from Dr. Porter's study. There was originated the monthly concert of prayer for the conversion of the world, which grew into the American Board and assisted in its formation. The fact that out of small beginnings great works grow is too patent for repetition, but it may be interesting to know that at the first meeting of the formation of the American Board there were just six persons present.

In 1813 one of the vigilant band in Dr. Porter's study found a little religious book which interested him in its abundant materials in a compact and portable form. The thought occurred to him that religious literature might be made cheaper in cost and more widely circulated. Out of this grew the New England Tract Society. Andover was its seat until 1825, when it became the American Tract Society and was removed to New York.

Professor Stuart was then at the outset of his career as father of Biblical literature in America. He prepared a manuscript Hebrew grammar and taught his own printers to set up Hebrew type.

Attention was later called to the necessity of aiding young men preparing for the ministry, and a conference was held on the subject at Andover, which later resulted in a meeting in Boston at which four Andover professors were appointed to draw up a constitution for what turned out to be the American Education Society, by which thousands of young men have been helped in preparing for the ministry.

The idea was then suggested to circulate religious news in the secular press. There was then no distinctly religious paper. This idea has grown in these latter days to be a really great business, but it was necessary first to have a religious paper and the first religious paper in the world began in the Andover conclave. It was called the Boston Recorder and is represented now by the Congregationalist.

The American Home Missionary Society for the aid of feeble missionaries and to supply ministers for the struggling West also originated at Andover and the plans were matured in a single evening.

Temperance, in the sense of total abstinence, also began there. Dr. Justin Edwards, pastor of the South Church in Andover, formed "a society for doing good." This received cordial endorsement from his colleagues in Dr. Porter's study. Those seven men were the first to sign the pledge of total abstinence and out of this gathering grew the American Temperance Society. Professor Phelps says very truly: "The men of the Andover Conference are entitled justly to all that has been claimed for them. The vital points in the claim are two: First, that they were consciously original in the great ideas which they conceived; secondly, they were the practical pioneers who first put those ideas to use in institutions which have lived to create history."

Nor does this seminary feel that its work is done, or that its work is simply teaching young men to become ministers. It is earnestly advocated by some of those more deeply interested in the work at Andover that young men be trained there to work as missionaries among the foreigners who are now coming in such vast quantities to this country. These immigrants can best be reached by those who can speak their own tongue. To teach these languages and to train men to work among these peoples is certainly practical and important work. Already this work by Protestants is having encouraging results. This is seen in the city of Worcester, where a French minister is doing splendid work. His wife is the daughter of the famous Rev. Dr. Charles Chiniquy, whose record of forty years among his French countrymen is well known to all students.

Let Andover in this or some other great work continue true to its traditions and history.

ACORNS FROM THREE OAKS.

Aloha.

A Notable Indian Council at Mount Hermon.

A distinct sign of the advancing kingdom of Him who is no respecter of persons was the council of Indians and their friends last week at Mt. Hermon.

The beautiful streams and groves, the hospitality which welcomed Indians to the same comforts whites had, the presence of Mr. C. E. Kelsey, who is judiciously spending the hundred thousand dollars Congress voted for land, the unusual eloquence of Mrs. Annie K. Bidwell who is the incarnation of practical Christian kindness to the Indians on her consecrated domain, the intelligent enthusiasm and eloquence of Mr. Spinning who has forgotten more about Indians than most of us know, and the genial wisdom of Mrs. Dorcas I. Spencer, conspired to make the program attractive from beginning to end. I might write of others, but will rather advise interested friends to send to Mr. Hermon, if they cannot come themselves, for the free report to be prepared.

The pathos of the Indian brothers' speech, whether given in broken English, or patiently through an interpreter, was marvellous. It is but partially apparent in the appeal below, but enough to show that the seed-sowing of the California Indian Association has not been without fruit. Read the appended acorn, friend, and share our hope that the pitiful descent into extermination of 250,000 Indians who once owned these fair California valleys is ended. Through them our Saviour speaks to his brethren and pleads that his red brethren have the gospel chance to rise.

The Appeal of Twenty Indian Guests at the Mount Hermon Council.

To the President and Government of the United States, and to the Governor and People of California:

We, the Indian delegates to the Zavante Indian Conference, representing the seventeen thousand Indians of California, after having held an Indian Council, desire and earnestly ask the following things:

1. We want land for homes. By the coming of the white people into California, our lands have been taken from us and we have been driven from place to place. We were kept by law from taking up good land until all good land was gone. Our land, our woods and our streams from which we got our living were taken from us, leaving us to suffer and perish through hunger and cold. In our younger days we have seen many people in our tribes. We have seen our old people suffer and our children die. Now we are few. Therefore, we want lands and homes, that our people may not perish from the earth.

2. We want protectioin from the liquor traffic. In the early days we did not fight among ourselves and kill each other. But now, the white people have brought liquor to us and it is ruining the Indians of California. We are told that there are laws for our protection against liquor, but we seldom get the benefit of these laws. The white man's whiskey makes a bad Indian. We ask protection from the liquor traffic and the punishment of both parties, the white man who sells and the Indian who buys. We do not know of an Indian who keeps a saloon. We suffer from the white man's trade.

3. We want education. We need common school education for our children. We need industrial education for our young men and young women. We need education for all our people, especially for the twelve thousand Indians who have no reservations. The Government schools we now have reach but few, and most of the public schools of the State do not admit our children. We want to become intelligent, Christian citizens.

4. We want field physicians. Disease gets among us without our knowing what to do. We have no Indian doctors, and white doctors often refuse to take care of Indians, or will only do so if paid too much big price.

5. We want legal protection. We are told that the laws of California make no difference between white men and Indians. But we do not find that the laws help us. The courts do not often decide in our favor, even when we are right. Some judges and lawyers do befriend us, for which we are grateful, but in general our people do not get justice.

(Signed)

Sherwood Jack, "Mah-mo'-sa," Sherwood, Cal.
Tom Wheaton, "Hah-mo-sa," Tule River, Cal.
Captain Jack, "Teh-chew," Hopland.
Captain John Dennison, "Chah'-pi-doca," Upper Lake.
Captain Jim Bucknell, "Gahl'-bill,' Upper Lake.
Captain Tony Metlock, Potter Valley.
Captain Jim Sherwood, "Kah'-du-tull'-a" Sherwood.
Captain Tack, "Kay-bay-low," Hopland.
Frank Manuel, "Wy'-o-kay," Hopland.
Joseph Miguel, Morongo.
Captain Ed Sweetzer, 'Yeh'-ky," Laytonville.
Captain Charley Boone, "Ahn'-jaway," Guedaville.
William Benson, "Kahl'-ka-nahl," Ukiah.
Sam Garfield, "We'-yah-lids," Tule iver.
Joe Passador, "Pah'-sha-do," Hopland.
Rafael Thomas, "Kah'-bay-oo-ey," Hopland
Ed Posh, "Posha," Santa Rosa.
George Vicente, "Kahl'-mo-ko," Upper Lake.
Maggie Lafonso, Chico.
Frank Miguel, Morongo.

A Convention of Hope.

All signs show that the temperance battle is geting on to victory as did the campaign for freedom. If there be an interested Christian who is despondent about it I urge him to get to Mt. Hermon for the convention for Aug. 5-7. The hopeful ones will be made hot with enthusiasm and the enthusiastic will be made serene and radiant with the sense that God is in the movement and that men may wait His leading with faith and hope. Prof. C. S. Nash, D.D., Doctor Chapman, Rev. J. R. Knodell, Rev. M. W. Hark-ness, with others, are guarantees of an inspiring and attractive program. I appeal to business men to come. If you cannot come in person send some worker whose judgment you can trust. Send some earnest Christian Endeavorer, for these shall live to see a redemption of which we have dreamed. The God who means that America shall stand by her birthday promises to men of all colors and all nations means to break the power of the Rum Demon who would dethrone humanity everywhere.

The effort to raise $150,000 for the rehabilitation of the Baptist churches of San Francisco has succeeded. John D. Rockefeller gave one half of the amount.

THE HUMOROUS SIDE OF LIFE AND ITS EFFECT UPON THE HOME.

By A Pacific Coast Pastor.

Miss B—— is one of the most charming old maids in the United States. She has a commission to the crowned heads of the world, in the interests of peace. While crossing the Atlantic recently, some one asked her, "Miss B——, why do you not marry?" She replied, "Why should I marry? I have an elegant home, and it has all the manly or husbandly accomplishments necessary. I have a parrot that swears, a tomcat that stays out all night, and a billy-goat that chews tobacco." Her sarcastic reply contains an epitome of the condition of thousands of homes, and behind its sarcasm and wit there is a deep philosophy. There are too many homes presided over by profane husbands, negligent fathers, and intemperate men. The strenuousness of present conditions has reduced the home either to a hospital or to a boarding house. Men seek it when sick, or frequent it when hungry.

If it were possible to teach humor, a chair for that purpose ought to be established in every college, and every home should prepare pupils for that department. Humor is one of the absolute cures for anger. If in the midst of your heated discussion, and while your temper rages, you are trained to see the ridiculous side of the situation, your anger will cool, your frowns will disappear, and smiles will light up the anger cursed face.

Humor dispels fear, quiets excitement, and insures the reign of good judgment. It is an infallible rest cure, and a never failing panacea for diseased natures. The tired nature will respond when appealed to by the humorous and ridiculous, and after a hearty laugh will feel refreshed and ready for work. Melancholia is cured by the sunlight of humor, and even legitimate sorrow is lightened by mirthful atmosphere.

Into the home, all the conditions of disease, sorrow, and depression go. Therefore mirth, wit and humor should follow these enemies into the home,—conquer and drive them from love's citadel.

Would it not be a good plan to cultivate the imagination to see the ridiculous side of life,—the humorous side of problems? Three good, clean jokes told at the dinner table, are worth more than all the prescriptions for indigestion. The country is being cursed has value or merit. If our homes would discard them, and humbugged with breakfast foods. Not one of them and put a good, laughable cartoon at the breakfast plate of each member of the family, predigested-breakfast-humbug-foods would give place to a healthful breakfast; and, men would be prepared for an honest day's labor.

There are hundreds and thousands of cases of nervous prostration,—so called by the afflicted females—that could be cured by weekly visits to a clean comic opera. Music has its charms and therapeutic power. Mirth and humor have as many charms, and as much healing power. If music has cured its thousands, wit humor and mirth have cured their tens of thousands.

No father should permit the evening to pass in his home without producing an hour of good, solid fun for his wife and children. That hour of fun will be worth more to his tired wife and growing children than all the tonics in all the apothecary shops of the city.

Every man owes to his neighbor a smile, a song, and a hearty hand-clasp. If possible, he should stop long enough to produce sunshine in his neighbor's soul, and happiness in his neighbor's heart. Little do we know the sorrows that may depress, and the good that a humorous story, well told, would do the passer-by. Stop long enough to make every sad heart laugh, and you will have turned the world into a concert hall.

Recently I conducted the funeral of an actress. She was a noble woman, and for five long years suffered untold agonies. Yet night after night she went before the footlights and made the audience laugh, and sent it away happy, burdenless and refreshed, while she retired to her room, depressed from pain and suffering. If the great crowd to which she had administered the tonic—good humor, could have cheered and comforted her occasionally, her burdens would have been lighter, and her pain would not have been quite so severe.

Laughter makes us forget, for the time being, the pains and pangs of disease. Husbands should give to their suffering wives the tonic of an evening's enjoyment. Children should fill the home with the mirth and music of their natural, buoyant natures. Let every home become the theater of good cheer and of sparkling wit, elevating humor, and inspiring repartee.

LESSONS FROM A FORTY YEARS' PASTORATE.

By Rev. E. S. Hill, D.D.

A Paper Read at the Last Meeting of the San Diego Association.

When one begins with the avowed intention to talk about forty years, it becomes a serious question about the audience, and to the audience. It is easy to find people willing to talk forty years if they may talk about themselves somewhat. Some men have been at it longer than that, but nobody tries to find them. The trouble is to find people willing to forego the pleasure of spinning their own tow, to listen to the hum of your wheel. Therein lies the offense of egotism, that it crowds out so much other egotism.

But to begin seriously, the average pastorate has the three essential dimensions—length, breadth and thinness. Still more seriously: forty years means the wearing out of at least half a dozen bodies. How many black coats with long skirts, each of these bodies has covered itself with, is another question. How often has the gray matter, supposed to be involved, somewhat, in a preacher's work, been exhausted and renewed? This must occur at least once a week, for the heads that turn and toss on preahcer's Sunday night pillows seem very empty. Sometimes re-reading the sermon preached forty years ago, creates the feeling that not so very much brain was used up in it. The reason the preacher's head rocked on the feathery billow, was lack of ballast. He had not sense enough to go to sleep. He found peace, and the power to sleep by hearing other men preach sermons as poor as his, or poorer, and learned that his grief is common, and the misery that loves company finds itself in a crowd. Forty years does not go back to the creation of the world, but it strains the mind about as hard to recall it. So dim, so blurred, so unreal, so impossible a great deal of it seems. That young fellow, so new, so like the color of the leaves; and this old man, so gray, so autumn-struck,—can they be in any relation to each other? Do the processes of evolution involve annihilation?

If the wrinkled face, telling of all the chisels that have struck it, could look into the face it was forty years ago, would the two recognize each other? Then the work—the old man sees the work of the young man he once was, and says, "Did I ever do that? Is it possible that I said that?" He mourns no more his vanished years, except that they left traces in their vanishing. "Let no man despise thy youth." You will do that yourself after awhile. The young man, which this old man once was, once looked at such an old man as he might some day be, and wondered if he should ever be like that. May be the house of the soul, changed every week of years, did not change oftener than the soul itself. Am I the man I was forty years ago?

That must be one of the other times when I was in the world.

What is involved in forty years of life in the pastorate? For one thing, preparing and preaching 4500 sermons, or some of them preached without much preparing. Some of them make whole chapters of soul history for the preacher.

How long it took to beat up the bush and find live game of thought, a theme that would come out of cover and unfold itself, a subject alive in the preacher' mind and heart, that can furnish words that are spirit and life to the hearers.

Hunting texts that can be caught in the grip of developing thought, and, like a hare, willing to be cooked after it is caught.

The theme just beyond reach, like angels hovering around, and refusing to hover in. Then to work it into form for delivery, and then work it over again, and again, till about time for the second bell, and the preacher puts on his hat, to keep the rest of his brains from getting away. Then to preach it, with a feeling that you have not the right hold of it, and then, too late for anything but regret, or for use in some better day, find just what was in the text. Then in the evening preach about Esau's pitful petition for another blessing. But those sermons had history in other souls.

I know a preacher who burned up 500 of them at once; they were so heavy he could not afford to pay freight on them over the mountains. As these children of his brain were pushed through the fire to the molock of oblivion, they cried to him, each with a several voice, claiming that they had not been in vain. The text, next Sunday, was "especially the parchments," and the preacher told the story of some of those sermons; told how at the close of some of them men and women stood up for Christ, and he described them so that the people knew who was meant, and it was a tender, glad, sad time.

Brethren, never speak lightly of a sermon, however light it may be. It is your best hearing of God's word, and of the need of him, that cries from men's hearts to yours.

The prayer meetings, the delight and the grief of the pastor, the hope and despair of the church, and the young people's meetings, church meetings, socials, and so on!

Then, the care of all the churches, councils, associations—local, state and national—missionary meetings, great and small, if put together make no small showing.

The calls made, and much worse, and many more, the calls not made. No pastor ever made enough. It is the universal fault with "our pastor" in all the churches, always has been, always will be.

"I am glad you found your way. I did not know but you had forgotten where we live." You go away almost sorry you had not forgotten.

"Glad to see you; you have so much to do, so many to look after, I don't see how you can get around among so many of us. We try to do as well as we can and every morning we speak to God about you, and hope you may help those who need help more than we do."

You remember both those calls, and their name is legion. The sick room calls, the death watches where you tried to pilot a soul into the regions which faith had revealed to you. The sadness of it all, and the more than mortal gladness when the dying eyes were the mirrors of beauties you could not see, and the light in them was from somewhere beyond the sun.

And the sorrows, sadder than death, that ache to utter themselves into the ears of the man who will not tell about them to anybody but God. The atonements, the reconciliations, all the 10,000 scenes in the life of the heart-man, in the pastorate, what a list of them come on the flood tide of memory over the sea forty long years wide. The weddings, binding wreaths of joy from vines and flowers of love, and giving benediction to the vows that mean so much if they are kept. I know a preacher, a very poor preacher, closer to me than breathing and nearer than hands and feet, who bade 730 pairs of well or ill-assorted people love each other better than anybody else, and behave themselves acordingly, so long as they both should live. And that preacher watched some of them till about a hundred of their children came to be married by the "same minister who married father and mother." And the benediction seemed more sacred for the fact that it had held so well in the first case.

One preacher, who has had a gift, very inconvenient sometimes, of seeing the funny side of things, has seen too much of weddings, and seen too much in them to ever write a funny book about them.

The funerals, two thousand of them, and not one without some sort of heartache! And in the late years, in ripened friendships, some of them cut ligaments that were full of nerves of pain!

The sentiment, or rather lack of sentiment, that makes light of the funeral, is a sad mixture of selfishness and silliness.

Some men sprout beards before hearts are developed

To bind up the broken-hearted, to comfort those who mourn, to show the angel clothed in white, sitting in every empty tomb; to hold up the lamp of immortality full of light that lies about the great white throne, to throw its brightness on the black cloud of sorrow, and keep it from turning to despair; it is a work for which the pastor needs all his heart and a good head. How a wise, kind preacher can bind hearts to him, in life-long friendships, and get holds that help draw men and women and children into the Kingdom!

Te preacher too selfish to think about death and sorrow is too cheap a man to earn his penny in God's vineyard of men. Death is one of the facts that no artificial gaiety can rub out. And the gate that leads out of life is covered with children from the other side, the children of the Kingdom, waiting with holy glee for a newcomer. Yes, and the light in dying eyes, the gladness of the new seeing, is to one man at least, evidence of the reality of the unseen, stronger than all the books can teach. I knew a man, above forty years ago, whether in the body or out of the body, he hardly knew, with three, four, five funerals a week, with a wedding or two, extra occasions which somehow delight in inaptness, and Sunday closer and closer ahead; but if he had his life over again he would hope that nobody would turn from him in their sorrow to save his strength.

The revivals! Forty years ago we believed that if Christians prayed enough, and got the stumbling blocks out of the way, and really went to acting like Christians, and held up the preacher's hands while he held up the cross, that sinners would come to the Christ who had such followers.

I believe it yet. The reason we do not have revivals is because we do not want them enough. Let it stand at that and think it out.

According to your unbelief be it unto you. Then, men are not led to Christ by telling them how many things are false which their fathers thought were true. It is better to have been stupid than to be so now. More Christian means more Christians—always has, always will.

Times and thoughts have changed in forty years.

Then, Bushnell was a heretic. He believed that God sent His Son to show sinners that the door of mercy was open, and that the heart of God was aching for them to come home. Ordination was refused to Bushnellites, and instead of it, hands were laid on the nape of the neck of those who believed that the object of the atonement was to show love that should draw love from men in return. The stones that were hurled at that saintly face, a wiser generation has built into his monument.

Not one in twenty, ordained in the last twenty years, could, holding the views they have stated to councils, have been ordained forty years ago, if they could have been sent back.

Orthodox bones bruise many rotting coffin sides during modern ordaining councils. But so did their fathers turn in their graves for them.

The world is waiting for a book, to tell how the heretics of each decade of the last one hundred years became the guardians of the orthodoxy of the next ten years.

Your speaker, the only absolutely orthodox man in the world, in so far as he knows—that is, the only one who completely agrees with him,—had a letter from that saintly incarnation of conscience and piety, and learning, who died while president of Talladega College. It ran in this way: "My Dear Brother, I was prevented from attending your council, and, perhaps, I do not altogether regret it, for I learn that your views of the atonement leaned toward the teachings of Bushnell. Much as I love you, I could not vote to endorse in any way a thought that so overthrows the most fundamental of Christian doctrines."

The reason why our young men waited so long to be born must have been because the world has not been ready to welcome them until just now. Finney and Beecher, each

in his way at the top of his class, each winning his place among the teachers of accepted truths; Moody not heard from; San Jones and Williams and Base Ball Billy Sunday had not been seen.

These last, and their sort, had not begun to scare sinners and scarrify Christians with their subterranean, sulphurous vocabularies.

It is one of the problems for the devout and cultured, whether to regret that they were born so late, or are still to be born, or had been still born.

After all, the changes are not so great as they may seem. It is perhaps worth noticing that the contrast between the present and the past is most noted, and shouted by those who know nothing of the past.

God bless our young men—they are wiser than we were then, and that is not saying much; but let them leave their fathers to tell what happened before they were born.

One lesson to learn in forty years is that the temple of truth is not easily destroyed. The morning breezes of heresy die away when the sun shines with blazing heat, and the winds from the wide sea of thought come in ahead of the tides. Uzzah's sin was also a mistake, and the ark of God will keep the center of gravity above the base; and the lowing of the kine that draw it, is prompted by eternal and indestructible instincts.

When the youngest of us have been dead forty years there will still be new ideas, and old men will be troubled about them; and some of them will be worth adopting, and some will be old follies reincarnated in wind bodies, and the truth will live, gaining permanence by reason of excellence, and the gravitation of oblivion will take care of the rest. There will be men just as careful as we are, just as careful as our fathers were before we got careful, and there will be boys who do things to make old men jump; and some will think the thing they think they see, is new to the world because it is fresh to them in their freshness.

> Over and over again
> Our old world rolls on its way,
> With much the same sort of men
> In ours and our father's day.

How about the life pastorate?

Is it practical? Is it feasible? Can it be? and ought it to be?

How can a man stay with a church forty years, and not be very much of a man at that?

It is easy. Just go and not go away. That is all there is in it. Not quite all—be willing to stay, and let it be known that you are willing to go. The most unpleasant thing to hold is the sticky thing. Don't show an interest in being settled and unwilling to move, but go about your business, ready to quit when it is best for the church.

"No matter about me" is a good motto for a pastor to have stuck all over him. Don't exchange with every pastor who is getting loose in place and likely to move. "Don't use a church as a stepping-stone to a better one.

I have seen an evil under the sun: a young man fresh from the seminary take a small church because he could not get a large one, with the unconcealed purpose of getting one as soon as possible.

The more perfectly the pastor identifies himself with the church, makes all interests common, seeks nothing for himself, the firmer his hold will be.

Dno't resign to force the people to some movement of yours. They may be as resigned as you are. Forbear threatening. Be fair, frank, loyal to your people, and have a wife who can hold her tongue in more languages than you ever learned at school.

Never preach old sermons, but if you are forced to, tell the people about it: they know it anyway; get credit for frankness. Preach every Sunday as though it were the supreme opportunity, and get as far into the secret of truth as possible. Shun officialism, or ex cathedra utterances or ultimatums. Be the personal, trusted friend of everybody in your parish.

See things from the other man's point of view. Imagine how you would like the things you want people to like in you. Remember that a preacher is only a man, unless he is something less; that his interests are no more important than a layman's.

Is the long pastorate desirable?

One whose chief quality is its length ought to lose its chief quality.

Will people get tired of the same voice? That depends upon how tiresome it is. Will they hanker for variety? There is range of truth, and enough changes of garment for it, if one has a mind live and large enough to manage them. Can the long-time pastor reach men in the line of evangelistic work as well as a stranger?

The stranger can say, and do things, which are not prudent in the pastor, nor decent in the evangelist, and the people pass it over, because they do not care for the stranger. If the pastor has the confidence of his people as a Christian, he can put the weight of his life back of his words, and move men as no stranger can. And the pastor can hold his own catch better than that of a stranger. If a man can make people love him forty years, and not depend upon their affectionate patience to the neglect of effective work, it is very well. Many pastorates are too long. There have been many notable instances of churches keeping a pastor through friendship, through the seeming impossibility of telling him his work is done, to the hindrance of the work of the church. There is no rule that must not adapt itself to individual conditions.

How does it all seem when you get through? How does it look as you look back? First, a sense of wonder that work so imperfect, a relationship so full of contingencies, so effected by personalites, can last so long. The sense of neglected, or only partly improved opportunities, fills one with a sense of unfitness to be classed with the messengers of the cross, the shepherds of God's flock.

What might one not have done if one had always been equal to the occasion? If always, the beauty of the gospel, and the need of men, had been clear and forcible, how much more might have been done. The personal equation has to be calculated. The limitations, both mental and moral, which fence us all in, are a part of the basis of self-judgement.. How much there is of a man, or how little, is a legitimate plea in mitigation of self-condemnatioin. Could he do better if he could try it over again?

But there are rights even for preachers who say "no matter about me."

There are some results. Every minister has the right to be fair to himself. What has been done under your eye, and your guiding, propelling hand?

Has the church prospered? Give God the glory, and share the comfort of it with him. Have souls been saved? Maybe they are jewels for your crown. Have Christians grown under your care? Be glad for it, and count interest to your credit for what you have tried to do for them. A pastor may need to lie in the dust, but he does not need to stamp on himself.

If one has taken more than a thousand people into the church, and led many of them in from the outside, he need not glory, but he may rejoice; he may be glad and grateful, with a thankfulness a sweet as love. He will remember being on his knees with souls wrestling, the old self with the new, the worse with the better, the lower with the higher, as Jacob wrestled with Israel, and remember that he tried to be the angel of God to add a touch in favor of the Israel in man, to disable the Jacob, and then he went rejoicing when the supplanter was sent limping away, never to get the hip-lock on the prevailer with God and man again.

The memories of meeting with the children of the Lord's Supper, the one hymn sung every two months for more than thirty years that "the bonds that unite all the children of peace" might grow in sweetness until the chorus is repeated of "Home Sweet Home," at home.

Hands sprinkling water on the heads of little children, on youths and mature men and matrons, and gray heads seem to ache sometimes to do it again.

And, Oh! brethren, when memory is about all there is left; when the backward look takes in the estate of life; when the abdicated throne is past resuming; when one can give love divided with the past, and only that; when the played-out old preacher goes by and no one cares; and in the midst of his anecdotage talks on and on about the preciousness of his life, be patient, and now be thankful for the end of a talk that set out to consume forty years.

The Baptist churches of San Francisco have at present a resident membership of about 800.

The Negro Baptists of San Francisco will build a house of worship which will cost from $20,000 to $25,000.

NOTES AND PERSONALS.

The Rev. Edgar S. Rothrock, assistant pastor of Pilgrim Church, Cleveland, Ohio, has declined the call from the church at Porterville.

One of our Fresno readers writes: "Enclosed find $3 for my subscription for the year ending June 30, 1908. Every dollar helps; so I give one more for the current year."

The Congregational and Presbyterian churches of San Bernardino have union services during the summer—Sunday mornings and evenings, also on Wednesday evenings.

At the meeting of the Congregational ministers of San Francisco and vicinity next Monday the Rev. Dr. Pond will read a paper on "Christian Science: Shall the Churches Fight it or Flank it—Which?"

The presence of President Mackenzie of Hartford Theological Seminary at the Summer School of Theology has been of much value. His lectures have been characterized throughout by ability of a high order, and have been thoroughly interesting. We understand that they will form in part a book which will be prepared by him ere long. Statement to this effect a few days ago received hearty welcome by all of those who heard it and had listened to the lectures.

The Rev. George H. DeKay reached San Francisco on Wednesday, bringing with him from Tahiti the Rev. J. K. Harrison, who is now in the Roosevelt hospital Berkeley. Mr. Harrison was very weak all through the ocean trip, keeping his state room all the time. He is at the present time in a very weak condition physically and mentally and his recovery is very uncertain. The hearts of people widely will go out to the wife and children in these days of suspense and sorrow.

The Long Beach Evangel, published by Plymouth Congregational Church, says: "We are pleased to have seen in our congregation of late a number of our brethren in the Congregational ministry whose presence has done us good. We trust they will carry away with them pleasant recollections of Plymouth. They are: Rev. A. W. Hare, State Evangelist for the Northern California Association; Rev. Burton Palmer, of Fruitvale, Cal., and Rev. William B. Pinkerton, late of Wabasha, Minn., now taking up work with the church at Eugene, Oregon."

The Rev. Sidney Kendall died recently at Long Beach, California. The Evangel of that place says concerning him: "He was a vital and stimulating force in the life of this city. His service to Southern California in behalf of a purified social life is well known. It made history. Through his writings and public addresses he performed an incalculable service to the country at large in educating the public conscience and awakening men to action. We are the poorer for his going." Mr. Kendall was the first pastor of the First Congregational Church of Long Beach, but had not been in the active and regular work of the ministry for several years. He passed away at the age of 51.

Some of the readings from "Ian Maclaren" by the Rev. Dr. Mackenzie at the meeting in the First Congregational Church of Berkeley last Monday brought tears to many eyes. Dr. Mackenzie stated that the characters in "Ian Maclaren's" books, "The Bonnie Brier Bush" and Auld Lang Syne," are types of character still to be found in Scotland. There was, he said, however, another side of Scottish life, and for getting at that at its worst he suggested the reading of "The House With Green Shutters." Speaking of the author, Dr. John Watson, Dr. Mackenzie said that his fame as a writer did not lead him away from the needs of his people and a loving oversight of them. "God give us shepherds as faithful as John Watson!"

In all probability Pilgrim Church, Oakland, will succeed in its endeavor to persuade the Rev. Dr. Raymond C. Brooks to withdraw his resignation as pastor and continue with the church. Several things conspire to lead Dr. Brooks to incline to do so. The matter will not be decided fully until Wednesday evening, and this note is written Wednesday forenoon, and the paper sent to press in the afternoon. But so strong are the probabilities that this will be the outcome that The Pacific congratulates the people of Pilgrim Church. So pleasant have been the relations of that people with this pastor, and so high has been the regard which the editor of The Pacific has always had for the Pilgrim people with whom he was closely linked for several years that he can but rejoice, in advance, with them, over what seems to be the outcome. Let this be said here: The decision of Dr. Brooks to remain was not brought about by any offer of additional salary. No such offer was made. The present writer remarked the other day when he learned that such offer was contemplated by some of the people: "Don't do that; if you do, you will lose him sure! First, get his decision." We are sorry for you,—North Berkeley! But so runs the world. That some may be glad others must, sometimes, be sad.

OBSERVATIONS.

Vacation finds me at Lake Tahoe. Beautiful for situation is this body of water, whose elevation is sixty-two hundred feet, and whose encircling mountains are many of them capped with more than the ordinary amount of snow. Evidently the past winter was a heavy one, which accounts for the almost unprecedently high water of the lake. But even though the latter modifies somewhat the shore line, lessening to some degree the beach and preventing the lounging thereon so attractive to some in the summer outing, the region is marvelous in its attractiveness and more are coming every year to enjoy the pleasures which it affords. The sky is well nigh cloudless, the sun bright and warm. The air dry and cool, and the landscape one of which the beholder never tires.

Several are the resorts inviting the seeker of rest and recuperation; some of them given to formality and style, others quite democratic. Among the latter is Lakeside Park, on the southeast shore of the lake, near the line dividing California from Nevada. Here for a fortnight we have been sojourning, finding the change from the seacoast delightful and beneficial. The Park has nearly a mile of waterfront, affording an attractive beach in ordinary seasons, not a little so during this summer of high water. The grounds have a gentle incline eastward till they come to the quite precipitous mountains; are wooded with fir and pine, with such openings here and there as contribute

to the attractiveness of such a location. Water is abundant in the hills and piped to the centre makes possible much artificial beautifying which doubtless will come in time. Through the Park runs the county road from Placerville to Carson, once the overland stage route, over which were carried Horace Greeley and other celebrities. Just within the gate is the log cabin, removed from another location on the road, in which the famous editor of the Tribune is said to have slept. It is used now as a Social Hall. In similar quarters guests may find comfortable beds, or if they prefer, have a room at the hotel, or occupy a tent, or camp by the water's edge or higher up by the towering cliffs. Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Hill are the genial proprietors and are desirous of making their guests as comfortable as mountain life will permit. The former being expert in music as in other lines is ready to do his part in the Social Hall, where many gather every evening, and never refuses to respond when about the camp-fire the audience request one ore more of his wonderfuully pleasing banjo accompaniments.

Boats for fishing are available, and with little expense one may pass a morning on the lake with varying success. If disposed to expend a dollar and a quarter, the thing to do is to put yourself in the care of "Bill Fillmore," a Washoe Indian, who spends his summers here, and is well acquainted with the haunts of Tahoe's speckled beauties. Seldom does one fail with such leadership.

If you are an explorer, trails in well nigh every direction invite you. Lakes higher than Tahoe are above you—Castle, 7425 ft.; Heather, 7800; Gilmore, 8100. Altitudes still beyond beckon you upward. Tallac Peak 9,715, Job's Peak 10,637, Freel's Peak 10,847 You may climb afoot, or ease yourself with a horse. Some well known readers of The Pacific grow eloquent as they relate their adventures on Freel's Peak, where laying themselves down for the night, the camp-fire had to be re-inforced from time to time in order to modify the arctic breezes fresh from the frozen lake at their feet. But this did not daunt them, for the last the writer heard of them they were off on a two days' trip that they might from Tallac Peak have one of the grandest sights allowed the children of men.

Others not so strenuous prefer their days in the quiet of the shady nooks, one the veranda, in the summer house, or busy with one of the games which the management has so wisely provided—tennis, croquet, or shufflle board. Here much interest and not a little excitement were manifest as young and old sought to win the palm of victory! At times Berkeley opposed Oakland, Germany warred with America, preacher contested with layman, man contended with woman, the former as gallant in the matter of the score as in other ways.

Congregationalists are much in evidence. The register reveals from about the Bay such names as Arlett, Buckham, Kimball, Leiter, Maar, May, McKee, Robinson, Rathbone, Rodell and Wickoff, while Fresno sends one or more and Los Angeles makes somewhat of a contribution. Naturally with so many of the clergy present, a service was in order Sunday evening. Strangely enough, last year, only one representative of the cloth put in an appearance, and hence a sermon was an exception. Such a contrast this summer more than gladdened the hearts of the proprietors, who, snowbound, had spent the winter in this somewhat secluded spot. Buckham, Rathbone and Maar, each took his turn in giving to the fifty or more assembled in the Social Hall a sermon interesting and profitable. Mr. Hill, the manager, presided at the piano, and the congregation, though books were few, joined heartily in such familiar hymns as, "I need thee every hour," and "Rock of Ages." It was good to be there, and more than one took occasion to thank the speaker and emphasize the helpfulness of the sermon. As these and other ministers mingled with one another and with the guests on the ground, none were more joyous, none entered more heartily into the vacation spirit, or enjoyed to greater degree the hours set apart for social intercourse and innocent amusement, but when the hour came for praver and worship it was evident that the speaker chosen for the evening had a message and was glad to give it. So doubtless will it be when the time for others of these choice spirits comes to speak.

Observer.

Among the Churches.

California.

Long Beach,. Plymouth.—There were five additions to the membership at the recent communion service.

Ceres.—A unanimous call to the pastorate for one year has been given the Rev. D. Goodsell who has been supplying the pulpit for several weeks.

Manhattan Beach.—The Manhattan Beach church has a very interesting field. A new audience each Sunday or largely so. It is truly casting bread upon the waters, but the people coming for a few weeks greatly appreciate having the church here. The work would be greatly helped if a good bell were placed in the church tower. We know of no place where a bell is so much needed. Any one knowing of a bell that could be purchased at a reduction please notify the pastor, Rev. W. P. Hardy, Redondo Beach, Cal.

Redondo Beach.—The church was filled on the 14th which was the day for receiving new members. Rev. J. L. Maile conducted the service, receiving the pastor and his family with twelve others into membership. The church has a baptistry which has been closed for several years, the carpet being laid over it. This was opened and the pastor immersed three. The audience was greatly moved when two small girls, sisters, went into the font. Several were baptized by sprinkling and the whole service was an object lesson of the breaking down of doctrinal differences.

JOTTINGS.

The Mother of Churches.

Among all our San Francisco churches Plymouth has earned this title **par eminence.** The First was the mother of Plymouth and may be accounted the grandmother of us all; but among all her children no other has been so fruitful in this respect as Plymouth. Richmond, the 8th at Ocean View, Pierce St., Olivet, and the coming one at Excelsior, are due to her

mothering. Deacon S. S. Smith, of blessed memory, was personally their founder, but the church as a whole has felt the responsibility to nurse and care for them with the aid of the C. H. M. S. till they could go alone. I was reminded of this last Sunday. It was of course a vacation audience that I found there, but both morning and evening a far more comfortable one to address than that which assembled in Pilgrim Church, Brooklyn, to listen to Dr. Storrs on the only occasion on which I ever heard him preach. It seemed to me then that he must have been grateful that my wife accompanied me, for I did not see how otherwise he could have said "my hearers." without looking two ways. But the vacation audience, Plymouth fashion, responded to the story of our work for Chinese and Japanese in California with offerings amounting to $71.

What specially reminded me that I was visiting the mother of churches was the fact that I missed the one young man whom I expected most confidently to see. I inquired for him. He was not among the vacationers. He was at Excelsior watching over the Sunday-school which Plymouth has sustained for so many years in that now growing district. I learned that he has a school there larger even than the one at the mother church. He did not even appear in the evening. "Well, he is probably conducting an evening service and doing lay preaching at Excelsior," was the explanation. Blessings on the mother of churches, and the men and the women whose self-sacrifice has made and still makes her such!—W. C. P.

ANNUAL CHURCH PICNIC.

The annual picnic for the Chinese women and children of Los Angeles was held on Thursday, July 25th. Over a hundred Chinese were in attendance, besides the workers who assisted Mrs. Findlay in the care and entertainment of the happy crowd. This year there were about half a dozen Japanese, who joined the party and were entertained as heartily as those for whom the feast was prepared.

The usual curious and astonished idle crowd gathered around the Electric Express depot where we were to take our "specials" for the beach, and as carriage after carriage deposited their precious load of Orientals, many in native dress, and gaily clothed children, the astonishment grew, giving many an opportunity for a foreign missionary sermon to such people, who wondered how these American ladies could "meet all these expenditures." In the party boarding the cars for this ride no men were included, and no boys over twelve or thirteen years of age.

Mrs. Findlay, for ten years superintendent of the Congregational Chinese Mission and visitor to the homes of Chinatown, was the leader of this day's pleasure, and was **always everywhere** when needed, both in care of transportation, looking after the comfort of her guests, and in serving the lunch after reaching the beach.

The ladies of the First Congregational Church had raised most of the money for the cars this year, but were ably assisted by other churches in providing sandwiches, cakes, tea &c., to feed 150 people, while the delicious fish prepared and "browned to a turn," was the gift of Manager Peice, of Playa Del Rey, who also gave to the company the privileges of the place as freely as to any American tourists.

It was a pleasure to see the happy groups in the sand, as they looked across the waves and doubtless talked of the far away land of their birth, or, as in many cases, for the first time in a **whole** year, enjoyed the freedom of God's world of beauty.

The Chinese children, "all the same" as our own, enjoyed the bathing suits, the surf and the wharf, more than can be expressed, and as was frequently remarked, were far better behaved than the same number of our American children. Among the bright faces was Miss Mansie Kim, formerly of Bakersfield, a sweet singer and now a diligent student in the business college, having won, last year, a "Times" scholarship for this work. Another young lady, Miss Margaret Chung, is at present trying for a like scholarship in this year's contest; not only that she may obtain a business education, but that in this way she may earn money to become a medical missionary to her own people.

The day, though a weary one for many a worker, was rich in experiences of joy and gratitude, and an outlook into the future; as in many of these Christian Chinese, through the home, comes an influence that shall reach the thousands of Chinese both here and in their native land. M. D.

RESOLUTIONS ON TRI-UNION.

The following resolutions were unanimously adopted by the Congregational Church of Claremont last week:

Resolved, That we are in deepest sympathy with the aim of the proposed union, which we believe to be in harmony with the will of the Great Head of the church.

Resolved, That we approve of a thoroughgoing and steadily progressive cooperation between the bodies concerned whether or not the proposed organic union be practicable at this time.

Resolved, That we favor the proposed union so far—but so far only—as it can be secured without imperilling the unity of our own Congregational body

"IS MANUFACTURING AND SELLING LIQUOR IMMORAL?"

The above question is asked and answered by the Wine and Spirit Gazette. The editor tells us that God made the vines, that the Bible approves drinking wine, that Daniel was an exception among the "chosen people," Paul wanted Timothy to "take a little wine" that George Washington drank wine, that the founder of Vassar College sold beer, that a pioneer minister adjourned his Sunday service to sip wine and gossip, that the Jews represent religion and morality, that the people in states where liquors are sold are just as good as the people of Kansas, Maine, North Dakota, Georgia, Alabama or any state where Prohibition prohibits. This is a great argument. This attempt to sophisticate the subject is not new. These wily beguilers have been often exposed. The "Wine and Spirit Gazette" should know also that "Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging, and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise;" and again, "At last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder." The advocates of this black degeneracy are too plausible. Satan knows the scriptures and once quoted them to the Savior. Satan could be rebuked for his insolence, but a whisky dealer is so much harder, tougher, leathery of conscience that he cannot be rebuked.

The Home.

All sorts of things and weather
Must be taken in together,
To make up a year
And a sphere . —Emerson.

THE VACATION SEASON.

The ideal manner of life is to have a season of rest and relaxation every day. Nothing is more desolating than month after month, year after year, of hard, consecutive work, so consecutive that its burden is never lifted from the mind nor its pressure from the body except during the few hasty hours of sleep. Happily that kind of labor is becoming less and less common. Nothing is worse than such slavery, we are ready to say. Yet stay. Is not the absolutely idle life even more disastrous to happiness and to character? A perpetual vacation, an aimless existence, a lifelong pursuit of the phantom amusement—it might appeal to a childish fancy as better than a life of unremitting toil; yet all who stop to think know full well that work is better. Work develops children into strong men and women; perpetual play makes men and women children again—without childhood's innocence and joy.

Our world is not yet well adjusted. There are still many who play all the time and all too many who must work all the time. But labor is ever more and more fruitful. As machinery multiplies, man's productive power increases and his time becomes more valuable. In a very large proportion of the departments of manual toil men are now paid by the hour. And in many of them a laborer earns as much in an hour as his grandfather did in a day. The labor unions are contending stoutly and unremittingly for shorter hours. Sometimes they overreach themselves and do their members more harm than good by forcing them to work less than they would prefer, yet the main point of their contention is sound.

Our ideal should be so to order our lives that our work shall never drive us to the point of exhaustion. A few hours of open-air recreation if not every day at least once or twice every week will keep our bodies wholesome and make them efficient servants for our minds. A frequent change of intellectual interests, the reading of books and the pursuing of studies somewhat aside from the main line of our work, will keep our minds fresh and prevent us from falling into intellectual ruts or mental stagnation. If our work is itself congenial and our hours short, it may well be that with such care of ourselves we shall find no need at all of a special vacation season but be able to go on cherfully year after year mixing work and play in their due proportion through all the seasons. But people who are situated so as to be able to do this are sometimes so thoughtless as to contend that no vacation is necessary.

There are many and great advantages doubtless in living so as to be above the need of special vacations. In the midsummer season, when many are forced to go away to fight insects, sleep on comfortless beds, be continually dressed "for company," and face the numerous other ills of hotel life, it is soothing to be able to stay at home and be comfortable without feeling that one's health is endangered by it. Then, in the run of the year, much more work can be done by him who keeps steadily at it and who is so situated that he can keep himself always at his best. It is not simply the actual loss of the vacation period which counts, but also the working for a time before one gets away on a low plane of efficiency and the delays and interruptions that result from the going and coming. All this cuts down the total of the year's product.

But as society is as yet organized, special vacations are for many an absolute necessity. A very large part of humanity—a majority, perhaps, of both men and women—work too hard. Either they do not know how to adjust life's harness so that it will sit lightly, or they are the victims of an industrial situation over which they can exert no control. Their work is monotonous. It is either mentally or physically exhausting. Their hours are long, leaving no time for wholesome recreation. If they are to avoid degenerating into mere machines or developing serious ailments of mind and body and going into decay before their time, it is absolutely essential to them to get quite away from the daily grind, to break completely the fierce monotony.

To the mountains or to the seashore, therefore. There is no help for it. Nature is a great restorer. Change of scene and of surroundings, even at the cost of physical discomfort, is good medicine. Tent life to those who have the knack of minimizing its crudities and of getting at its real joys, and who are so situated as to secure it under favoring conditions, is far better than hotel life. Railway travel in midsummer, with dust, smoke, and cinders pouring in at the open windows, is uncomfortable. Long trips should usually be avoided. (The electric cars are going to change all this.) But go nevertheless; go somewhere. If you are growing nervous and irritable; if you fail to sleep readily and soundly at night; if you find the world taking on a gloomy look; if the ordinary duties of your workaday world are getting "on your nerves," it is time you had a rest and a change.

Let employers who have control of their time and who can take a bit of recreation at any season or on any day try to look at life from the point of view of their employees. **They** may feel no need of a vacation. Why should they? Their hours are short. Some days they do not come to the office at all. Business trips frequently take them out of town. But what of the stenographer and the cashier? What of the head bookkeeper and the manager? What even of the porter and the watchman? Let these hard workers during long hours, every day at their posts for the same grind of tasks, have a little time off on full pay—a week, a fortnight, a month. It is good business, and, better still, it is good morals. It is to practice the golden rule. It is to show the spirit of Christ.

We urge, too, those who are so fortunate as to get away for a vacation not to allow themselves to make of it a period of either mental or physical dissipation. Too eager a pursuit of pleasure may be quite as exhausting as work itself. And Christians should not make the vacation season an excuse for backsliding. Communion with nature ought to bring us all the nearer to the God of nature. But the atmosphere of many a summer resort is very far from being a Christian atmosphere.—Nashville Christian Advocate.

The Quiet Hour.

THANKFULNESS.

Lord for the lofty heights
That we have known;
For the sweet, tranquil hours
With thee alone;
Lord, for thy loving care
When storms beat hard,
And for thy chastening love
When life we marred;
Lord, for the wicked plans
Defeated, crushed;
For all unlovely thoughts
By conscience hushed;
Lord, for the simple joy
Contentment lends,
And the sweet charity
Of Christian friends—
For these, O Lord of light,
Whom nations bless,
We lift to thee our hearts
In thankfulness. —G. A. Pursell.

FORGET SELF.

The really healthy man is not always thinking about his health. He eats his dinner and goes to his work without thinking whether his dinner will digest or not.

There is some analogy in this to spiritual things. The healthy Christian is not always thinking about his spiritual condition. He asks God for grace and strength, and then goes to his work without worrying about his condition. He doesn't stop to think whether he feels right or not. He has such peace of mind that he scarcely thinks about it, just as the man in good health generally thinks of something else than his health.

And for a person to get in the way of thinking about his health does more harm than good. It aggravates trifling aches and creates imaginary ills. Many little things will set themselves right if he will go on to his work and let them alone.

This, too, is a spiritual truth. Self-examination is a duty at times, but it can be overdone. There can be too much of it. If a Christian wants peace, let him forget himself and go on to his work. If he wants to feel more of the joy of salvation, let him go out and bring some one to Christ, and then he will know something of the joy of his Lord. The joys of salvation consist not simply in being saved, but also in saving others.

To mourn over our sins to the neglect of the work given us to do, is morbid, not healthy, repentance. The spirit of the gospel is to forget self, our sins as well as our desires, and give ourselves to the service of Christ.—Ex.

A CURE FOR ANXIETY.

Small annoyances are the seeds of disease. We cannot afford to entertain them. They are the bacteria—the germs that make serious disturbance in the system, and prepare the way for all derangements. They furnish the mental conditions which are manifested later in the blood, the tissues, and the organs, under various pathological names. Good thoughts are the only germicide. We must kill our resentment and regret, impatience and anxiety. Health will inevitably follow. Every thought that holds us in even the slightest degree to either anticipation or regret hinders, to some extent, the realization of our present good. It limits freedom. Life is in the present tense. Its significant name is Being.—Charles B. Newcomb.

NOTHING SMALL.

"There's nothing great
Or small," hath said a poet of our day;
And truly I reiterate: "There's nothing small,"
No pebble at my feet but proves a sphere;
No chaffinch but implies a cherubim;
No hum of lily-muffled bee but finds
Some coupling music with the whirling stars.
Earth's crammed with heaven,
And every common bush afire with God;
But only those who see take off their shoes;
The rest sit round it, and eat blackberries.
—Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

Young People.

HOW WILD THINGS GET THE NEWS.

By D. Lange.

The dwellers of the forests and fields are well informed about the news in their immediate neighborhood. Men tell each other what they saw; if the animals could talk they would tell each other what they smelled and heard.

The sense of smell is the great news-gatherer for such small woodland creatures as mink, weasel and fisher. They can look ahead only a few feet or even a few inches in the brush or grass, where they generally hunt or are hunted, and their sense of sight has remained dull. Even larger animals, such as foxes, wolves, wild and domestic dogs, depend on the sense of smell to a remarkable degree, and this sense is so highly developed that no man would believe it if we had not all observed it. A dog or wolf knows by scent not only that some other dog or wolf has called at a certain corner, but he knows even what particular individual among his acquaintances has called.

A small pug that I used to keep in the house lived on terms of permanent war with a mongrel farm dog. Whenever I had touched the mongrel or been near him, the little house pug would bristle and bark at the scent of his enemy, as soon as he sniffed at my hands or clothing. My spotted fox terrier sometimes passes me at a distance of a few rods without recognizing me by sight, but I cannot lose him if he finds my tracks. He follows me as readily when I wear rubber boots as when I go out in common leather shoes. My water spaniel once cornered a rabbit near an old fence. The wind was coming wrong for the dog, and he gazed about within two feet of the rabbit without seeing him. At last the rabbit made his escape by jumping right over the dog. Even the largest game animals like deer and moose depend much more on their noses and ears than on their eyes for getting the news of the woods. Again and again I have quietly rowed toward a big bull moose. His small eyes

stared at me, but he could not make out what I was. But never did I approach close to one which got my wind. At the distance of half a mile his nose told him that I belonged to a dangerous gun bearing race.

Several kinds of birds act as purveyors of the nows to the four-footed animals. No sooner does the crow spy a hunter, than it begins to utter a loud "Caw, caw, caw!" Every wild creature understands that language as meaning, "Something strange," which is the same as something probably dangerous. The blue jays have similar habits, and scream at the sight of any intruder on the woodland dwellers.

Certain danger calls of animals are well understood by young and old. After a buck has caught the hunter's wind and has uttered his sharp snorting whistle, no experienced hunter will wait for any deer to show themselves. In the language of the street, "They are onto him, and the game is up."

Animals gather much news by watching others of their kind. One day I saw many moose, and rowed a race up the chain of northern lakes. The next day there was not a moose to be seen on any of the lakes of the whole region; they all had learned of the news and stayed in the silent forest.

On a canoe cruise in the wilds of Minnesota I chanced upon a fine buck and his doe. The doe saw me first, and was watching with tense interest. Then the buck looked up at her from his feeding. Immediately he knew that she saw something dangerous. He also looked in my direction for a minute, and then both disappeared among the cedars.

When a man does not move, an animal's eyes are often unable to differentiate him from his surroundings. I was watching a pair of muskrats that dove for roots and ate them on a willow stump. Whenever both rats were under water, I walked rapidly forward a few steps; but while they were munching their roots on the stump, I stood motionless. This manoeuver I repeated until I stood on the open bank within twenty feet of them. At last I threw a stick at one of them. The minute I moved it saw me, and plunged like a stone. His noisy plunge conveyed the news to his mate, and neither of them was seen again.

One late summer evening I was sitting on a high railroad bank. While quietly watching the marsh below, a bit of wild life rarely seen by naturalist or woodsman displayed itself under my very eyes. Three minks came running out from under a pile of old ties. For twenty minutes they played there. A train clattered past; but they paid no attention to it. I was silhouetted against the sky, and quietly watched them through my glass; however, as I did not move they saw only a harmless stump in me. After twenty minutes they scampered back to their home under the ties.—Washington Star.

THE MAN IN THE MOON.

There was a blacksmith, once, who complained: "I am not well, and my work is too warm. I want to be a stone on the mountain. There it must be cool, for the wind blows and the trees give a shade."

A wise man, who had power over all things, replied: "Go thou, be a stone." And he was a stone high up on the mountain side.

It happened a stone cutter came that way for stone, and when he saw the one that had been the blacksmith, he knew it was what he sought and he began to cut it.

The stone cried out: "This hurts. I no longer want to be a stone but a stonecutter."

He had his wish, but as he went seeking suitable stones he grew tired, and his feet were sore. He whimpered: "I no longer want to cut stone. I would be the sun; that would be pleasant."

The wise man commanded, "Be the sun." And he was the sun.

But the sun was warmer than the blacksmith, than a stone, than a stonecutter, and he complained: "I do not like this. I would be the moon. It looks cool."

The wise man spake yet again, "Be the moon." And he was the moon.

"This is warmer than being the sun," murmured he. "For the light from the sun shines on me ever. I do not want to be the moon. I would be a smith again. That, verily is the best life."

But the wise man replied: "I am weary of your changing. You wanted to be the moon; the moon you are, and it you will remain."

And in yon high heaven lives he to this day.—Congregationalist.

THE FOOLISH ROSE.

While I was walking in the garden one bright morning a breeze came through and set all the flowers a-flutter. Now that is the way flowers talk, so I pricked up my ears and listened.

Presently an elder tree said, "Flowers, shake off your caterpillars."

"Why?" said a dozen all together, for they were like some children who always say, "Why" when they are told to do anything.

The elder said, "If you don't they'll gobble you up."

So the flowers set themselves a-shaking till the caterpillars were shaken off.

In one of the middle beds there was a beautiful rose who shook off all but one, and she said to herself, "Oh, that's a beauty; I will keep that one."

The elder overheard her and called, "One caterpillar is enough to spoil you."

"But," said the rose, "look at his brown and crimson fur, and his beautiful black eyes, and scores of little feet. I want to keep him. Surely one won't hurt me."

A few mornings afterwards I passed the rose again. There was not a whole leaf on her. Her beauty was gone; she was all but killed, and had only life enough to weep over her folly, while the tears stood like dewdrops on the tattered leaves.

"Alas! I didn't think one caterpillar would ruin me."

One sin indulged has ruined many a boy and girl. This is an old story, but a true lesson.—Morning Star.

"He's true to God who's true to man; wherever wrong is done,
To the humblest and the weakest 'neath all the beholding sun.
That wrong is also done to us; and they are slaves most base,
Whose love of right is for themselves, and not for all the race."

TWO WAYS OF LOOKING AT THINGS.

Two boys went to gather grapes. One was happy because they found grapes. The other was unhappy because the grapes had seeds in them.

Two men, being convalescent, were asked how they were. One said. "I am better today." The other said, "I was worse yesterday."

When it rains, one man says, "This will make mud;" another, "This will lay the dust."

Two boys examined a bush. One observed that it had a thorn; the other, that it had a rose.

Two children, looking through colored glasses, one said, "The world is blue," and the other said, "It is bright."

Two boys having a bee; one got honey, the other got stung. The first called it a honey bee; the other, a stinging bee.

"I am glad that I live," said one man. "I am sorry I must die," says another.

One says, "Our good is mixed with evil." Another says, "Our evil is mixed with good."—Ex.

Little drops of water,
Little grains of sand,
Make the mighty ocean
And the pleasant land.
Thus the little minutes,
Humble though they be,
Make the mighty ages
Of Eternity.
—Ebenzer C. Brewer.

The chief duty of a Christian lies in the quiet, unseen life of his own home, and if he does not learn there to practice that noble virtue of unselfishness—that highest type of charity which consists in daily and hourly considerations for the feelings of others, he will have lost one of the strongest resources and one of the most healing memories for all his future life.—

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CHILDREN'S PRAYERS.

"Do you suppose," said Johnny, as his little cousin laid away her largest, rosiest apple for a sick girl, "that God cares about such little things as we do? He is too busy taking care of the big folks to notice us much." Winnie shook her head and pointed to mamma, who had just lifted the baby from the crib. "Do you think," said Winnie, "that mamma is so busy with the big folks that she forgets the little ones? She thinks of the baby first, 'cause he's the littlest, and 'cause he's helpless. Surely God knows how to love as well as mother."

Mothers do lots of things which other people do not have time or the will to do. Surely God will not do less. Mothers have time to listen to what children have to say. So does God. Does God answer children's prayers? Why, of course!

The other day as I sat reading, my eyes fell on a little story of the great organist Mendelssohn. I thought how we could imitate him. We could play on the souls of people and make music resound in their lives.

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8 lbs. Rolled Wheat or Oats... .. 25
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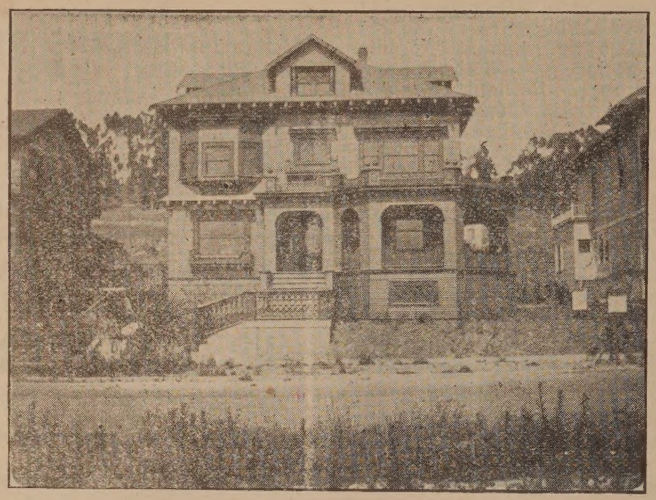

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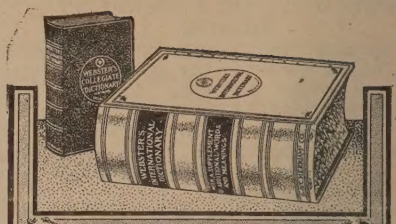

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Christian Leaders' Conference, August 5-9, 1907.

TEMPERANCE.

Monday, 7:30-9 P. M.

Meeting of Special Committee on Temperance.

Hour of Prayer and Fellowship.

Tuesday, 9-12 A. M.

Half hour with the Word, Rev. Wm. Thomas, Oakland.

The Present State of the Temperance Movement as Shown by the Facts.

Rev. E. L. Rich, Watsonville.

Rev. J. R. Knodell, Oakland.

THE PRESENT ISSUE.

Subject Introduced by the Special Committee.

Tuesday, 7:30-9 P. M.

THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC JUDGED BY ITS FRUITS.

By a pastor, Rev. M. W. Harkins, D.D., San Jose.

By a Rescue Worker, J. C. Westenberg, San Francisco.

Wednesday, 9-12 A. M.

Half Hour with the Word, Rev. J. F. Kellogg, Salinas.

THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC AND SOCIAL ORDER.

By a District Attorney, Geo. B. McNoble, Stockton.

By an Editor, Irvin Martin, Stockton.

Wednesday, 2-4 P. M.

A PEERLESS CRIMINAL.

Rev. E. S. Chapman, D.D., Los Angeles.

Wednesday, 7:30-9 P. M.

Report of the Special Committee.

Second Subject:

THE LORD'S DAY.

Thursday, 9-12 A. M.

Half hour with the Word, Rev. E. S. Van Ness, Oakland.

THE LORD'S DAY AND RELIGIOUS INDIFFERENCE.

Rev. Thornton A. Mills, Ph. D., San Jose.

Lessons from the Recent Campaign to Secure a Rest-Day Law.

Rev. E. D. McCreary, D.D., Berkeley.

EXPLANATION: The great question before the Conference is: "Shall the effort for statutory enactment be renewed, or is a period of public education first necessary?"

PROPOSITION presented by Rev. Wm. M. Bell, D.D., Berkeley.

Thursday, 7:30-9 P. M.

THE LORD'S DAY AND THE MORAL STRENGTH OF OUR NATION.

Rev. George McCormack, D.D., Salinas.

Rev. C. F. Reid, D.D., Oakland.

Third Subject:

Friday, 9-12 A. M.

Half-hour with the Word, Rev. Hugh W. Gilchrist, D.D.

THE CO-OPERATION OF THE CHRISTIAN FORCES.

Address, Rev. Frank S. Brush, D.D., Alameda.

Address, Rev. Frederick W. Clampett, D.D., San Francisco.

Friday, 2-4 P. M.

Practical measures proposed by the Committee.

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